And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,
To that ile vrge him, therefore thou ſhalt vow,
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Or elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I weare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empreſſe.

Lucius. Oh moſt inſatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two ſonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Sifters tongue, and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou ſaweſt.

Luc. Oh deteſtable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming,

Aron. VVhy ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimd,
And 'twas trim ſport for them which had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barberous beaſtlie villaines like thy ſelfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to inſtruct them,
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as euer wonne the ſet:
That bloodie minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head:
VVell let my deeds be witnes of my worth,
I traind thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
where the dead corpes of *Baſſianus* laie:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene and her two ſonnes,
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchiefe in it;
I plaid the cheater for thy fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my ſelfe a part,
And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuice of a wall,

when

when for his hand he had his two ſonnes he
Beheld his teares and laught ſo hartelie,
That both mine eyes were raynie like to h
And when I tolde the Empreſſe of this ſpo
Shee ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twentie kiſſe

Goth.

VVhat canſt thou ſay all this and neuer bl

Aron.

I like a blacke Dog, as the ſaying is,

Lucius.

Art thou not ſorrie for theſe hainous deeds

Aron.

I that I had not done a thouſand more,
Euen now I curſe the day and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my cu
wherein I did not ſome notorious ill.
As kill a man, or els deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a maide, or plot the waie to doe it
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friend
Make poore mens cattle breake their nec
Set fire on barnes and hayſtalks in the ni
And bid the owners quench them with th
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their
And ſet them vpright at their deare frien
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was for
And on their skinnes as on the barke of tr
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine
Let not your ſorrow die though I am de